

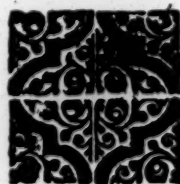
Long at Mouth

A
RELATION
Of the
ENGAGEMENT
OF
HIS MAJESTIES
FLEET
With the
ENEMIES,

On the 11th of *August*, 1673.

As it has been represented by Letters
from the several SQUADRONS.

Published by Authority.



EDINBURGH,
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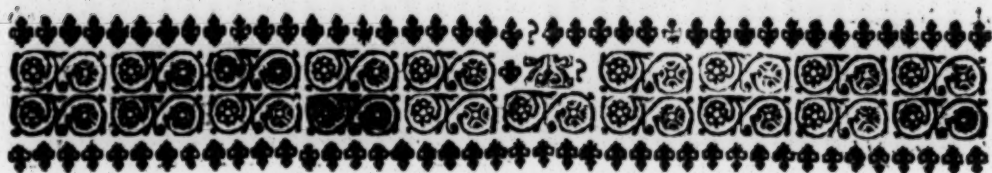
A Relation of the Engagement of His Majesties Fleet with the Enemies, on the 11. of August, 1673. as has been represented by Letters from the several Squadrons.

The Relation from the Red SQUADRON.



ON the 10. of August in the morning, his Highness Prince Rupert, lying with His Majesties Fleet seven Leagues from the Texel, bearing E. and by S. of them, dispatched away the Papenburgh, a Dutch East India Prize, under the care of Sir Charles Littleton, which had fallen that morning casually into their hands; about which time the Fleet weighed, having the Wind at N. E. a gentle gale, his Highness being advertised by his Scouts, that the Enemies Fleet, which had lain at Anchor four Leagues from Camperdown, and seven Leagues S. S. E. from ours, were getting under sayl; which obliged him to stand S. E. to get the Wind of them; About two in the afternoon, the Enemies Fleet was seen by ours, standing Northwards; of whom his Highness having got the Wind, about four in the afternoon stretched near the headmost of them: then the Enemy Tacked, when their Van was a Breast on us, and made all the sayl they possibly could. The Prince kept such a sayl, as our whole Fleet might accompany them; but the day being near spent; his Highness thought it not fit to engage them then, but kept under sayl all night. On the eleventh in the morning at break of day, the Enemies Fleet was seen (being ninety odd sayl of Men of War) within two Leagues of ours, bearing from the E. and by S. to the S. S. E. of us, the Wind at E. and by S. the Texel bore E. N. E. near five Leagues distance: Between four and five the Fleet Tacked, and stood to the Northwards till eight, then they Tacked again, and stood to the Southward; the enemy still observing our motion, and edging towards us, untill half an hour after eight, when they bore right down upon us, Van Trump upon the Blew Squadron in the Rear, De Ruyter with the main Body upon the Red, and Bankaert with the rest upon the White; Between

nine and ten of the Clock, there fell a great shower of Rain, and very thick Weather, with which the Wind shrunk from the E. and by S. to the S. W. At eleven of the Clock the Weather cleared up, when we perceived the White Squadron had Tacked, and weathered both Fleets; the Enemy had a great Squadron to weather of the Princes and Sir *John Harman's* Divisions, *De Ruyter* was right in the Princes Wake, and pressed him very hard, two of their Vice-Admirals, and one of their Rear-Admirals, were within little more then Cannon-shot to Leeward of him; Sir *John Chicheley's* Division was to Leeward of him, and the Blew Squadron warmly engaged with *Van Trump* to Leeward of all: the Prince kept close upon a Wind till twelve at noon, and then his Highness bore towards Sir *John Chicheley* first, and afterwards to the Blew Squadron, where he found Sir *Edward Spraggs* Ship, the *Royal Prince*, towing off without any of his Masts standing, but defended from the Enemy by the Earl of *Offory* in the *St. Michael*, and some other Ships of the same Squadron. At six in the evening his Highness Engaged smartly again, till eight at night, when he got his Larboard Tacks on board, and stood N. N. W. with the Wind at S. W. at which time the Enemy Tacked, and stood to their own Coast. We have several of our Men disabled, but not one lost: the *Henrietta* Yacht which attended the Earl of *Offory*, was sunk by his side, but he saved the Captain and all the Men. Sir *Edward Spragg* Admiral of the Blew Squadron, changing his Ship, was unfortunately Drowned, his Boat being sunk under him by a Shot from the Enemy; Captain *le Neve* was also Slain; Sir *John Kemphorn*, Vice-Admiral of the Blew, Captain *Courtney*, Captain *Haward*, Sir *William Reeves*, and Sir *William Fennings* were Wounded; Captain *Stockman*, and Captain *Merryweather* of the Duke of *Buckingham's* Regiment, and Mr. *Hay*, a Volunteer, were also Slain, which were all the Hurt and Wounded of Note we yet hear of. We cannot certainly tell what the Enemies Loss was, but two of their Great Ships of 70 and 60 Guns were both lost in our fight, the one sunk by Sir *John Kemphorn*, the latter burnt by Captain *Washburn*: It is likewise confidently said, that four or five more were destroyed, and several others were seen to go off much disabled. On the 12 our Fleet was refitting, and on the 13 in the morning, when this Account came away from them, they were under Sail to look after the Enemy, who were gotten out of sight the night before, standing, as is supposed, towards their own Coast.



The RELATION from the White SQUADRON.

THe Wind being at S. E. and favourable to the Enemies, who had drawn themselves up towards their own Coasts, they disposed their Squadrons to come upon each of ours, which they expected all at a time; *Trump* with his Squadron having Attacked the *Blew*, *de Ruyter* and his Vice-Admiral the *Red*, and *Bankert* the *White*, who had the Van, and the Wind at E. endeavouring to weather the Enemies, to which end the Marquis *de Martel*, Rear-Admiral of the said Squadron, with his Ship called the *Royal Terefe*, Tacked upon the Enemy, but not being able to get the Wind, he remained very close to them, constantly firing; some time after, the Chevalier *Fourville*, Commander of the *Sanspareil*, being the second Ship of the Van, Tacked also upon the Enemy, and was followed by the Sieurs *Pauvettier* and *Louis Gabaret*, Commanding the *Precieux* and *Aquillon*, but they could not yet gain the Wind.

The Count *d'Estrees*, Vice-Admiral of *France*, seeing that the Rear-Admirals Division, who had the Van, could gain nothing upon the Enemy, resolves to bear through them, in order to getting the Weather gage, and going to the Princes assistance; and in effect he broke through the Enemies Line, between 11 and 12 at noon; and weathered all their Ships except *Bankert*, who passed to Windward of him within Pistol-shot, and the rest to Leeward within the same distance; the said *Bankerts* Fireships did all they could to burn the Count *d'Estrees* Ship, called *La Reine*, and one of their Fireships burnt under his Boltsprit, and another he sunk with his shot; and after having stood the Enemies Fire on both sides, and he himself fired without intermission, both his great and small Shot, having lost 30 Men, and his Ship much torn, he got

the Wind, whilst the *Sieurs de Breuilly, de Gabaret*, and several other Captains, did all they could to come up to such of the Enemies Ships as were a head of them; but they would not stay for them; Admiral *Bankert* with his Division, bore upon the *Sieurs d'Estival, Chevalier Dailly*, and *de Sepuille*, Commanders of the *Invincible*, the *Fire*, and the *Amable*; the first stayed for *Bankert*, who durst not come near him, and after having shown all the marks of Courage and Resolution, was killed by a Great Shot during this dispute; After which, the *White* Rallied, and pursued the Enemy before the Wind, and with all their Sails, till half an hour past seven in the evening, when we found fifty of the Enemies Ships who had Rallied, and who durst not bear upon the Princes Squadron, because we had the Wind of them, expecting only the Prince's Orders to do whatever his Highness should think fit. The *Comte d'Estrees* thinking he ought to keep the advantage of the Wind, to renew the Fight the next day, it being then already too late to Engage afresh, without expresse Orders from his Highness.

The RELATION from the *Blew* SQUADRON.

ON Munday the Eleventh of August we Engaged the Enemy, the Wind at S. E. near the *Texel*, the *Dutch* having the Weather-gage, both Fleets pointed into the Shore. About seven in the morning, Prince *Rupert* Tacked, being near Land, so gave the Wind as large as they could wish, to the *Dutch*; the *Blew* Squadron having the Rear, the *Red* the Middle, and the *White* the Van; *Tromp* and his Division taking the *Blew*, *de Ruyter* the *Red*, and *Bankert* the *White* Squadron; with us Sir *John Kempthorn* began the Battel, half an hour past seven in the morning, a while after *Tromp* and Sir *Edward Spragg* Engaged; Sir *Edward Spragg* lay by for *Tromp*, and so did most of his Division, and fought at this rate three hours; Prince *Rupert* and the *White*, as their Adversaries being separated from us, we heard not of them till four in the afternoon, when they came very opportunely to our assistance; Sir *Edward Spragg* lay battering against eight or nine of the *Dutch* a long time, and most

most of his Division being so far Leeward they could not help him; for Sir *John Kempthorn* being prest, it prest us all out of our station much to the Lee; this was about twelve of the clock, when we perceived Sir *Edward Spragg* to put before the Wind, which made us conjecture him either dead or much damaged; I went aboard Sir *Edward Spragg* to see how affairs stood, and found his Ship extremely disabled, and as we set our Boat from his Ship, down fell his Main Mast within a yard of our Boat; We saved some Men and came up to the Ships side again to take up Swimmers, when the Mizen Mast fell down near our Boat; after this, Sir *Edward Spragg* came on board the *St. George*, where he put up his Flag, and lay by the disabled *Royal Prince* to defend her, where was a hot Fight; Sir *John Kempthorn* and his Division Tacked upon the Enemy, who was very eager upon the *Prince*, either to take or burn her, but the *Blew Squadron* by this time came so about her, that the Enemy found it too hot for them, though they plyed her still hard. More particulars I have not time to write, but that very unfortunately that day at two of the clock the *St. George* was so disabled too, that Sir *Edward Spragg* took Boat to go on board the *Royal Charles*, and had not rowed ten Boats lengths, but a Bullet came through the *St. George* and broke his Boat; they made back again as fast as they could on board, but before they came within throw of the Ropes, the Boat sunk, and Sir *Edward Spragg* was drowned; being taken up dead, his Head and Shoulders above water, having taken so dead hold of the Boat, they could hardly disengage him from it. Mr. *Littleton*, Mr. *Smith* and his Page were drowned with him; the *St. Georges* Boat being next, took up his Body, and his Lieutenant half dead; for the preserving of his Ship the *Royal Prince*, there continued still a brisk Fight, and about four in the afternoon, his Highness bore in, and the *Dutch*, which favoured the getting off of that Ship, being towed by two or three others; The *Dutch* were still unwilling to leave her, and so the Fight continued till near eight at night. We are preparing for another Bout, God continue to give us still good success. Excuse this imperfect Narrative, being writ in a hurry.

F I N I S.

[illegible]



